

THE MINERVA.

"Get Wisdom, and with all thy getting, get Understanding."—Proverbs of Solomon.

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Vol. I.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, SPANISH AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction dress.—GRAY.

THE BROTHERS OF DIJON. (From the French.)

The Bishop of Beauvais, having passed the evening at the house of his brother, the President of the Parliament of Dijon, was returning to his hotel or temporary residence in the latter place, when on the threshold, under the light of a few straggling lamps, he saw a stranger of mean appearance, who put a small billet into his hand, and waited respectfully while he looked into it. It was badly spelt and written, but purported to be from a dying woman in great need of spiritual help, and specially desirous to communicate with him at the corner house of the rue St. Madelaine. The Bishop knew this street to be situated at no great distance, in an honest though poor suburb, and the requested visit could be attended by no danger. Even if it had, the prelate had enough of benevolent courage to hazard something in his professional duty, and he desired the stranger to conduct his coachman. Alighting at the entrance of the narrow lane which led to the rue St. Madelaine, the Bishop desired his servants to await him there; for though he had too much delicacy to wish parade in his visits of bounty, he also felt that his official station as a public instructor required him to shun all mysterious or questionable acts. Therefore directing his guide to take a flambeau from his lacquey, he followed him to the appointed door, and more particularly noticing the house, observed that its back wall overlooked the garden of a mansion occupied by a family he knew; the family, in short, from which his brother had selected his future wife—THERESE DESHOULIERES, a woman of noted beauty and high pretension. Perhaps this circumstance diverted his ideas so far as to prevent him from remarking the disappearance of his guide when he had unlocked a door, which the Bishop entering, found himself in a room very dimly lighted, and without furniture, except a bench on which a woman was sitting. She was muffled in a veil which drew still closer to her face, but he immediately recognised the air and figure of THERESE. She appeared no less dismayed and confounded, though she found courage to accost him—"Ah, my lord!—do not believe that I meet you intentionally; the man who just now brought you, decoyed me here by this forgery"—and she put into his hand a billet which seemed the counterpart of that he had received. It was in the same handwriting, and nearly the same words; but the confusion in the Bishop's ideas made him return it in silence. "My servant accompanied me," continued the lady, "and is waiting in the house—surely my lord, you have not devised this scene to afflict me! The people I expected to see were sick and in distress, and I came because I feared nothing from honest poverty." "THERESE," said the Bishop sorrowfully, "if you had not once feared honest poverty, we need not have feared to meet each other now." The lady wept; and though he began to doubt whether the whole was not a finesse of

some feminine purpose, her tears were not without effect. But he did not misplace his confidence in the influence of right habits against sudden impulse; for his thoughts of THERESE DESHOULIERES had been so long governed and corrected, that this unexpected test did not disorder them. "I have nothing," he added, "to say to my brother's betrothed wife in fear and in secret; nor any thing to desire from her, except that ring which she accepted once for a different purpose, and ought not to wear with her husband's." And, as he spoke, he approached to draw the ring from the finger on which he saw it glistening. A dimness came over THERESE's eyes; and when it vanished, the Bishop was gone, but had not taken the ring from the hand she held out to him. She sat down on the only bench in the room, and wept a long time bitterly and trembling. In a few moments more, she remembered that her servant had been ordered to wait till the clock struck seven before he enquired for her. Her repeater sounded that hour, but Mitand did not appear. She dared not open the door to go alone into the street, but the casement was unbarred, and it looked into her father's garden. She climbed out, and by the help of a few shrubs clinging to the wall, descended in safety, and made haste to the house, hoping her absence was undiscovered. But Mitand had already reached it, and alarmed her family by saying that he had expected to find his young mistress returned. THERESE answered her father's angry questions by stating the simple truth—that she had been induced to visit the poor gardener's widow by a billet begging her immediate presence for a charitable purpose, and had found the little lodge empty of all furniture; but a young man who called himself her grandson, had requested THERESE to wait a few moments while the widow came from her bed in an upper room. Mitand informed his master that he had waited at the door till a man in a gardener's habit bade him return home, as his lady would go by a back way through her father's garden. M. DESHOULIERES blamed his old servant's careless simplicity, and asked his daughter if no other person had appeared. THERESE faltering, and with a failing heart, replied, that a man had entered and demanded her ring; but being informed that her servant was stationed within hearing, had departed without further outrage. This prevarication, so near the truth, yet so fatally untrue, was the impulse of the moment. THERESE had never before uttered a falsehood on an important occasion, but her thoughts had been long familiar with the petty finesses of female coquetry; and the step from small equivocations to direct untruth, only required a spur.

To colour her evasion, THERESE had concealed her ring among the garden shrubs; and professing that she had willingly yielded it to the thief as a bribe for his quiet departure, she entreated her father not to make such a trifle the subject of serious investigation. M. DESHOULIERES, seeing no reason to doubt her sincerity, and fearing that an appeal to the police might compromise her reputation, agreed to suppress the matter. But he communicated it to his intended son-in-law, the President of the provincial Parliament, who looked very gravely at the forged billet, and asked a par-

ticular description of the ring. Then, as he gallantly said, to atone for her loss, he sent THERESE a splendid casket of jewelry, which, with some gratified vanity, she added to the celebrated set she inherited from her mother. A few days after she accompanied him to the church of St. Madelaine, where the Bishop, who had visited Dijon for that purpose, performed the nuptial ceremony.

One of the most splendid fetes ever seen in that province distinguished the bridal evening. The President, high in public esteem, and flourishing in fortune, was attended, according to the custom of his country on such occasions, by the principal persons of his own class, and by all his kindred and friends in the neighbourhood. The Bishop remained in the circle till a later hour than usual, and perhaps with a more than usual effort, because he was aware a few persons in that circle knew the attachment of his youth to THERESE. But even his brother did not know that; being a younger son he had been induced, solely for the benefit of his family, to enter the church, and renounce a woman whose pretensions she was conscious were considerably above his honest poverty. Therefore on this occasion he affected, with some little pride, an air of perfect serenity; and though he had felt his forehead burn and freeze by turns, he knew his voice had never faltered while he pronounced a benediction on the marriage. He was pledging his brother after supper, and cries of fire were heard in the house. The great profusion of gauze ornaments, and slight erections for the ball, made the flames rapid beyond all help. Even the crowd of assistants prevented any successful aid; for the number of timid women covered with combustible finery, and men unfitted by wine for personal exertion, disturbed those who came to be useful. "Is THERESE safe?" was every body's cry, and every body believed she was, till the outline of a woman, seen among the flames and smoke at her chamber-window, made the spectators redouble their shrieks. The bridegroom would have plunged again into the burning ruins, if his brother had not held him desperately in his arms; but the valet Mitand, who had lived with M. DESHOULIERES from his daughter's infancy, ran up the remains of the staircase and disappeared. In another instant the roof fell in, and Mitand was seen leaping from a burnt beam alone. He was wrapped in a large blanket which had saved his person, but his neck, hands, and head were hideously scorched. When surrounded, and questioned whether he had seen his mistress? he wrung his hands and shook his head in despair. They understood from his dumb anguish that he had seen her perish, and he remained obstinately sitting and gazing on the ruins till dragged away. The despair of the President was beyond words, and his brother's utmost influence could hardly restrain him from acts of madness. When the unfortunate bride's father deplored the festival which had probably caused its own dismal end, the President declared with a fearful oath, that he knew and would expose the author. From that moment his lamentations changed into a sullen kind of fierceness, and he seemed to have found a clue which his whole soul was bent on. It was soon unfolded by the arrest of a young man

named ARNAUD, whose conveyance to prison was followed by his citation before the parliament of Dijon as an incendiary and a robber. M. DESHOULIERES gave a private evidence to support these charges; but a day or two preceding that appointed for a public examination, the President went to the Intendant of the province and solemnly resigned his chair in the judicial court. "It is not fitting," said he, "that I should be a judge in my own cause, and I only entreat that I may not be summoned as a witness."

The Parliament of Dijon assembled with its usual formality, and the Intendant-general of the province was commissioned to act as President on this occasion. The Bishop and his brother sat in a curtained gallery, where their persons might not fix or affect the attention of the court: the bereaved father was supported in a chair as prosecutor, and the prisoner stood with his arms coolly folded, and his eyes turned towards his judges.

The first question addressed to him was the customary one for his name.

"You call me," said the prisoner, "and I answer to the name."

"Is it your real name?"

"Have I ever been known by any other?"

"Your true appellation is FELIX LAMOTTE," said the Procureur-general—"and I crave permission of the court to remind it that you stood here ten years ago on an occasion not much more honourable."

The ci-devant President handed a paper to the Procureur, requesting that nothing irrelevant to the present charge might be revived against the prisoner.

"Messieurs," said the Public Accuser—addressing himself to the judges, "I venture to assert, that what I shall detail is not irrelevant, as it may exhibit the character of the accused, and give a clue to his present conduct. FELIX LAMOTTE is the nephew of a financier well remembered in Dijon, and his prodigality gave such offence that his uncle threatened to disinherit him, and leave his great wealth to his most intimate friend, the President of this court. But he, after repeated intercessions and excuses for this young man, prevailed on the elder LAMOTTE to forgive him. When the nephew heard his uncle's will read, he found the President distinguished by only a legacy of ten thousand livres, and himself residuary legatee. You expect, messieurs, to hear that FELIX LAMOTTE was grateful to his mediating friend and careful of his unexpected wealth. He appeared to be grateful until he became poor again by his prodigality. Then, finding a flaw in his uncle's will, he came before this tribunal to dispossess his friend of the small legacy he enjoyed, believing that, as heir at law, he might grasp the whole. The President, who had not then reached his present station among our judges, appeared as a defendant at this bar with a will of later date, which he had generously concealed, because the testator therein gave him all, charged only with a weekly stipend to his prodigal nephew. These are the facts which the President desired to conceal, because the ungrateful are never pardoned by their fellow-creatures, nor judged without rigour.—We shall see presently how the accused showed his repentance."

"Stop, sir!" said FELIX LAMOTTE, haughtily waving his hand to command silence, "I never did repent. The President created my error by concealing the truth. If, instead of permitting me to rely on a will which had been superseded, he had shewn me the last effectual deed of gift, I should have known the narrowness of my rights, and the value of whatever bounty he had extended. He wished to try my wisdom by temptation, and I have mended his, by shewing him that temptation is always dangerous."

"What you admit, is truth," rejoined another Advocate—"though more modesty would have been graceful. But the bent of your thoughts must have been to meet the temptation." The prisoner answered coldly, "it may be so; and as that accords with the President's metaphysics, let him thank me for the demonstration."

"Where," said the Intendant-general, "have you spent the last ten years?"

"Ask the President," retorted FELIX LAMOTTE—"he knows the verdict he obtained made me a beggar, and a beggar who reasons metaphysically will soon be tempted to become an adventurer. I have been what this honourable court made me, and I love to reason like the President."

Mitand, M. DESHOULIERES' old servant, was called into the court, and asked if he had ever seen LAMOTTE. He was hardly recovered from the injuries he had received in the fire, but he took his oath, and answered in the affirmative distinctly. Being desired to say where, he said, "In a gardener's dress in a house in the suburb of St. Madelaine, and on the night of the marriage."

The accuser's advocate now related all the circumstances of Mademoiselle DESHOULIERES' visit to a house without inhabitants, where she had been robbed of a valuable diamond. A pawn-broker appeared to testify that he had received from FELIX LAMOTTE the ring identified as THERESE's and several witnesses proved the billet to be his handwriting.

"You should also remember," added LAMOTTE, looking sternly at the pawn-broker, "what account I gave you of that ring. I told you I had found it among the shrubs under the wall of an empty hut, adjoining DESHOULIERES' garden. My necessity forced me to sell it for bread. Had you been honest, and able to resist a tempting bargain, you would have carried it back to the owner."

"Notwithstanding this undaunted tone," said the Procureur, "the prisoner's motive and purpose are evident.—Vengeance was the incitement—plunder was to have been the end. To unite both, he has fabricated letters, outraged an unprotected lady, and introduced devastation and death into the house of his benefactor, in hopes to seize some part of the rich paraphernalia prepared for his bride. He hated his benefactor, because undeserved favours are wounds: he injured him: because he could not endure to be forgiven and forgotten."

"I have no defence to make," resumed LAMOTTE, "for the faults of my youth have risen against me. You would not believe me if I should swear that I did not rob THERESE, that I wrote no billets to decoy her, that I came into the vestibule of her father's house only to be a spectator of her bridal fete. I lodged in the hut of the gardener's widow, and unhappily complied when she solicited me to write petitions for the aid of the Bishop of BEAUVAIS and M. DESHOULIERES' daughter. This woman and her family removed suddenly, and I am the victim."

"Man," said M. DESHOULIERES, stretching out his arms with rage of agony, "This is most false. The treacherous billet was written and brought by thy own hand, and here is another charg-

ing me to watch and witness my daughter's visit?"

"Well!" returned the prisoner coldly, "and what was my crime? If I thought the marriage ill-suited, and without love on the lady's part, was I to blame if I gave her an interview with her first lover? The Bishop of BEAUVAIS can tell us whether such interviews are dangerous."

"Let him be silenced!" interposed the Intendant-general; "this scandal is sacrilege both to the living and the dead. If we had any doubt of his guilt, his malignity has subdued it."

The votes of the judges were collected without farther hearing, and their sentence was almost unanimous. FELIX was pronounced guilty, and condemned to perpetual labour in the galleys: a decree which the President heard without regret, but his brother with secret horror when he remembered that THERESE might not have spoken truth to her father—yet he respected her memory fondly; and fear to wound it, more than his own honour, had induced him to give no public evidence. But he had satisfied his conscience by revealing all that concerned himself to the Intendant-general, who saw too much baseness in LAMOTTE's character, to consider it any extenuation of his guilt. LAMOTTE was led to the galleys, a victim to his revengeful spirit; and the President was invited by his sovereign to resume that seat in the Parliament of Dijon which he had vacated so nobly.

Fifteen years passed after this tragical event, and its traces had begun to fade. The father of THERESE was dead, and his faithful servant lived in the gardener's house on an ample annuity given to him for his zeal in attempting to save her life. The President, weary of considering himself a widower, chose another bride, and prevailed on his brother to emerge from his retirement and bless his marriage. Another fete was prepared almost equal to the first; but perhaps a kind of superstitious fear was felt by all who remembered the preceding. The Bishop retired to his chamber very early, and the bridal party were seated in whispering solemnity, when the door opened slowly, and a figure clothed in white, walked into the centre. Its soundless steps, glazed eyes, and deadly paleness, suited a supernatural visitor; and when approaching the bride, it drew the ring from her finger, her shriek was echoed by half the spectators. At that shriek the ghostly intruder started, dropped the ring, and would have fallen, if the President's arms had not opened to prevent it. He saw his brother's sleep had been so powerfully agitated as to cause this unconscious entry among his guests; and conducting him back to his chamber, waited till his faculties were collected. "Brother," said the Bishop, "it seems as if Providence rebuked my secrecy, and my vain attempt to believe that opportunity and temptation cannot prevail over long habits of good, and be dangerous to the firmest." Then, after a painful pause, he told the President his secret interview with THERESE, his resolution to take back the ring, and the failure of his resolution. He explained how long and deeply this scene had dwelt on his imagination, how keenly it had heightened his interest in the trial of LAMOTTE; and, finally, with how much force it had been revived by the second marriage-day of his brother. "And now," continued the Bishop, "I may tell you that its hold on my dreaming fancy may have been lately strengthened by an event which I wished to suppress till after this day, lest it should damp the present by renewing your regret for the past. Only a few hours since, I was summoned once more to that fatal house in the suburb to see a dying sinner. He told me that he could no longer endure the horrible recollections which your

wedding-day brought. He reminded me of his attempt to reach THERESE's room when full of flames. At that moment no thought but her preservation had entered his mind; but he found her on the brink of the burning staircase with her casket of jewels in her hand. Miserable THERESE! she had thought too fondly of the baubles; and he, swayed by a sudden, an undistinguishing, and insane impulse, seized the casket, not the hand that held it, and she sank. In the same instant his better self returned—all his habits of fidelity to his master, of love to his young mistress—but they came too late. He had thrust his dreadful prize under his woolen wrapper—it remained there undiscovered, while shame, horror, and remorse, prevented him confessing his guilt. He buried it under the threshold of the garden house which his master gave him with a mistaken gratitude that heaped coals of fire on his head. There it has remained with the locks untouched for fifteen years, and from thence he wishes you to remove it, when you can resolve to speak peace to a penitent."

Mitand died before morning, and the President's first act was to place this awful evidence of human frailty on the records of the Parliament. Their decree against FELIX LAMOTTE was not revoked, as its justice remained unquestionable in the chief points of his guilt: but the fatal influence of temptation over Mitand, and the Bishop of BEAUVAIS was a warning more tremendous than his punishment.

STORY OF JULIAN, THE YOUNG PAINTER OF NATURE.

Julian was the son of a mechanic in a populous town in Italy, and as soon as he could guide the awl, was kept hard to work in his father's shop, mending the soles of all the pedestrians in the place. Julian disliked cobbling very much, and confinement still more; but he stuck to the last; only now and then making a holiday with some other boys, for which he never failed to be rewarded with a good drubbing. At length his father died, and Julian, who was yet too young to set up as a maker and mender of soles on his own account, was taken as shop-boy by an oilman, within a few doors of his father's stall. As he had now frequently parcels to carry to different parts of the town, he very much preferred his new way of life; and not seldom did he loiter on his errands to lengthen his enjoyment of fresh air and exercise.

One day he was sent with a parcel to the house of Albano; and having lingered more than he commonly did, it was late in the evening when he arrived. He had been ordered to make haste, and he found by the old woman who received the parcel, that his negligence had not been unnoticed by Albano: indeed, he heard his voice, blaming aloud the master of the shop for not having sent his colours, as he ordered, before the evening.

Julian advanced—"Sir," said he, modestly, "my master is not to blame—I have been loitering." "You are an idle rogue, then!" said Albano, coming forward, "and I shall complain to your master of you. It was of consequence to me to get those colours, to finish my piece by daylight!" Albano would, probably, have descanted longer on the atrociousness of Julian's conduct, but that the eyes of the lad were fixed most attentively on a painting, which rested against the wall.

"What are you gazing at?" said Albano, in a gentler tone. "I never saw any thing so beautiful!" replied Julian, "except the sun to-night, as it was setting behind Wood-Hill." "Did you stop too long at that?" asked Albano, with a smile. "Yes," replied the lad, "I could not help it." "Come up with me, then!" said Albano.

Julian tripped after Albano, and be-

held, with a delight he could find no words to express, a number of fine paintings; some by Albano, and some by the best masters. He was all eye; and though he scarcely spoke three words, he received half-a-crown from Albano, and went home happier than he had ever been before! He played truant no more. Having made up parcels for Albano at different times, he took small quantities of the different colours, and at every leisure half minute flew to his garret to grind, to arrange, and to view his treasures.

In time, he was again sent to Albano. He had not now loitered by the way; on the contrary, he was breathless with the haste he had made. He begged to be permitted to take the parcel up stairs himself. The old woman granted his petition. Albano was painting. Julian advanced timidly; was welcomed by Albano; and at length gained courage to watch the movement of the master's hand. He made new errands; and every errand was a new lesson. He waited once more on Albano—his parcel was larger than common. He hesitated—looked at the valuable pictures around him—blushed!—and, at length, produced a piece of his own. It was the sun setting behind Wood-Hill. Albano looked at the piece; then at Julian—again at the piece.

"Julian," said he, "this is not perfect; but you must not carry out oil and pickles any longer: you shall come and grind my colours!" Julian obtained his discharge; was received by Albano; became his pupil; and soon more than rivalled his master.

The happy moment that first shewed to the wondering eyes of the boy the creative powers of the pencil, awakened in his mind a dormant faculty, of which till then he was unconscious. Albano must have felt a pleasure of the purest kind, when he reflected that he had been the means of producing such a genius to the world; for though, perhaps, in the grave calculations of moralists and philosophers, it is of no real consequence to mankind to have painters, poets, or sculptors; yet it cannot be denied, that those elegant arts are great sources of pleasure. Those who only admire the effects produced, find in them no inconsiderable addition to their enjoyment: while those whose powers produce the effect, derive from their exertion a constant, and surely a laudable, fountain of delight! Who then shall say, that the faculty of conceiving and executing works which rouse all the powers of the mind; confer delight on the artist during the performance; and gratify numbers with the mere sight; who shall say, that these faculties, these feelings, were implanted in our minds for no purpose; that they are unworthy the pursuit, or the admiration of a reasonable being? For my part, I am convinced that every feeling was placed in our minds for some good purpose; and that the powers of genius, of wit, of taste, of sense, and of spirit were never given us to lie dormant. Man was made to be happy, and if these faculties add to his happiness, why should they be thrown from him with ingratitude?

THE GLEANER.

"So we'll live,

And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loaves and who wins; who's in, who's out;
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's Spies."—SHAKESPEARE.

Proposed Matrimonial Enactments, from
an English Paper, printed in 1758:

When two young thoughtless fools, having no visible way to maintain themselves, nor any thing to begin the world with, yet resolve to marry and be mis-

able; let it be deemed Petty Larceny.

If a younger brother marries an old woman purely for the sake of a maintenance; let it be called Self-preservation.

When a rich old fellow marries a young wench in her full bloom, it shall be death without benefit of clergy.

When two old creatures, that can hardly hear one another speak, and cannot propose the least comfort to themselves in the thing, yet marry together to be miserable, they shall be deemed *Non Comus*, and sent to a Mad-house.

When a lady marries her servant, or a gentleman his cook-maid, (especially if there are any children by a former marriage) they both shall be transported for fourteen years.

When a man has had one bad wife, and buried her, and yet will marry a second, it shall be deemed *Felo de se*, and he be buried in the highway accordingly.

When a woman in good circumstances marries an infamous man, not worth a groat; if she is betrayed into it, it shall be called accidental death; but if she knows it, it shall be made Single Felony, and she shall be burnt in the hand.

When a man, having no children, marries a woman with five or six, and vice versa, let the delinquent stand thrice on the pillory, loose both his ears, and suffer one year's imprisonment.

If a man marries a woman of ill fame, knowing her to be so, he shall have a pair of horns painted on his door, or if she be a known scold, a couple of neat's tongues in the room of them.

And when a man or woman marries to the disinheriting of their children, let them suffer as in cases of high treason.

When a woman marries a man deeply in debt, knowing him to be so, let her be sent to the House of Correction, and kept to hard labour for three months; and if he deceived her, and did not let her know his circumstances, she shall be acquitted, and he doomed to beat hemp all the days of his life.

Characters.—The following Historical Characters of the celebrated Tronchin and the Duke de Villars, were drawn from life:

"The exterior of the Duke de Villars, then Governor of Provence, attracted my principal attention. When I contemplated his figure and demeanour, I fancied I saw a woman of sixty years of age, in men's clothes, who, though now lean, shrunk, and feeble, might have been handsome in her youth. His copper-coloured cheeks were painted with rouge, his lips with carmine, his eyebrows blackened, and he had artificial teeth and hair. A well scented pomatum kept the curls close to his head, and a large nose-gay, fixed in the uppermost button hole of his coat, reached to his chin. He affected the amiable man in every thing, and spoke so affectingly and lispingly, that it was difficult to understand him. He was in other respects polite and condescending, but all his manners were of the taste prevalent in the time of the Regency.

"Tronchin was tall, well formed, obliging, eloquent without being talkative, a profound naturalist, a man of genius, and, as a physician, a favourite pupil of Boerhaave. He was entirely free from the talkativeness and quackery of his patients chiefly from a proper regimen; but to determine this, a man must be an accurate and philosophical observer."

Presence of mind.—A servant of Admiral Byng's, a fortnight before the destruction of his master, had scarcely been permitted to sleep, being continually on horseback carrying despatches, so that on the fatal morning, he was waked by his master, with "come, sleeper, 'tis the last morning I shall trouble you." In the course of dressing, he exchanged his gold sleeve-buttons for those of his domestic, and was careful, in giving him his

wardrobe and other things, to do it in the presence of a relative, that no dispute might arise. The coat in which he was shot was a favourite; two or three had been consigned to his valet before this fell into his hands, and was selected for the occasion. It was of a drab colour, and shows the marks of long service, as well as the perforations of the balls which passed through it. It is now in the possession of Sarah Hutchins, daughter of the person alluded to. The gallant Admiral gave to each of the marines appointed to the task of shooting him a half-guinea piece; then speaking to his valet for the last time, said, "Hutchins, when I fall, throw my morning-gown over me; I should be sorry they saw my blood." This was accordingly done; and it is related that he bled inwardly, so that no blood did appear.

The value of abuse.—It is a fact, that when Churchill published his *Rosciad*, bitterly angry as were the players whose defects he exposed and devided, those were still more enraged whom he did not descend to notice. Meeting, soon after the publication of his poem, with one of these at a coffee-house, he was taxed with having cruelly and maliciously injured him in his profession. "Injured you? How? Who are you? What have I said of you?" asked Churchill. "Nothing," replied the comedian; "and I am ruined. Had you abused me it would have been confessing that you thought me worthy of your censure; and I should have appeared to be somebody; but not included even among the block-heads, I am nobody; and never shall be any body again."

All the world a stage.—A lady, after reading the manuscript of Congreve's *Way of the world*, asked him how he could think of writing such a part as that of Mrs. Frail; or expect that any respectable actress would perform it. "Oh, Madam," answered he, "it was performed all over London, long before it was written."

Love.—A young lady telling an old gentleman, that she was in love with his estate, "Take it, Madam," says he, "and then you will possess two-thirds of me, for my mind you have already, and my whole being consists but of mind, body, and estate." "O! then," rejoined the juvenile fair, "it would be very unreasonable, Sir, to rob you of all three. Pray keep your body for yourself."

Age and prudence.—An old gentleman, who was paying his addresses to a young lady, one day said to her, "From our approaching union, my dear, I prognosticate unbounded happiness, your age and my prudence will be approved of by all the world." "That may be, Sir," replied the lady; "but what will the world say to your age and my prudence?"

Dr. Par, who is celebrated equally for his agreeable speeches to the fair sex, as he is severe at times to the other, hearing a young man, one day, in company say, "Doctor, I was a pupil of yours; perhaps you do not recollect me; and I can say what few of your pupils ever could, I never was flogged by you in my life." "Your are right, Jemmy," exclaimed the Doctor, "I never was yet known to throw a flogging away—I never flogged a fool in my life."

A singular propensity.—Dancing in Russia is the favourite diversion of all ranks.—In Petersburg, it is not uncommon for a company of middling persons to practise it on two successive days in the week.—Not long since an old man belonging to one of these clubs, made himself remarkable by his mania for this diversion, which was the more striking in him, it being so singularly in contrast with his trade, as he was a coffin-maker. Carrying on his business in the wholesale way, he arded a great deal of money, which he not only spent in frequenting every place where he heard of a dance, but even wrote to foreign parts for all the new dances that came out, with their music; which were sent him by the post,

that he might be sure to have them earlier than any other person.

Catch and Glee Club.—From the time of Blow and Purcell, down to about the middle of the last century, catch and glee clubs were in fashion throughout the kingdom, but especially in London. Many taverns, and even inferior places of public resort, had weekly vocal meetings; and the art of *sight-singing*, or singing a melody at the first view of a composition, was by no means an uncommon qualification. Of the delicacy of the words to which catch and glee music was then too often applied, the less we say the better; but the general principle of the practice of which we are speaking was good; for the cultivation of harmony and science, rather than the subject of the poetry, constituted the amusement sought; and under the favourable circumstance of our very superior taste in lyric expression, we should be glad to see the revival of so harmless and entertaining a custom.

Simeon Stylites.—It may be amusing to our readers to narrate the particulars of this famous devotee, as drawn up by the famous historian, Gibbon.—"The most perfect hermits are supposed to have passed many days without food, many nights without sleep, and many years without speaking; and glorious was he who contrived any cell or seat of a peculiar construction, which might expose him in the most inconvenient posture to the inclemency of the seasons. Among these heroes of the monastic life, the name and genius of Simeon Stylites has been immortalized by the singular invention of an aerial pinnacle. At the age of thirteen the young Syrian deserted the profession of a shepherd, and threw himself into an austere monastery. After a long and painful novitiate, in which Simeon was repeatedly saved from pious suicide, he established his residence on a mountain, about thirty or forty miles east of Antioch, within the space of a mandrin or circle of stones, to which he had attached himself by a ponderous chain: he ascended a column, which was successively raised from the height of nine, to that of sixty feet from the ground. In this last and lofty station, the Syrian anchorite resisted the heat of thirty summers, and the cold of as many winters. Habit and exercise instructed him to maintain his dangerous situation without fear or giddiness, and successively to assume the different postures of devotion; he sometimes prayed in an erect attitude, with his outstretched arms, in the figure of a cross; but his most familiar practice was, that of bending his meagre skeleton from the forehead to the feet; and a curious spectator, after numbering twelve hundred and forty-four repetitions, at length desisted from the endless count. The progress of an ulcer in his thigh might shorten, but it could not disturb his celestial life; and the patient hermit expired without descending from his column."

A Canine M. P.—Lord North, once speaking in the House, was suddenly interrupted in the midst of the most important part of his speech by a dog, which had taken shelter and concealed himself under the table of the House, then made his escape, and ran directly across the floor, setting up, at the same time, a violent howl. It occasioned a burst of laughter, and might have disconcerted an ordinary man. But he, who knew how to convert the most awkward occurrences to purposes of advantage, having waited till the roar which it produced had subsided, and preserving all his gravity, addressed the Chair.—"Sir," said he to the Speaker, "I have been interrupted by a new Member, but, as he has concluded his argument, I will now resume mine."

Tooth Drawing.—Dr. Monsey, an eccentric physician of the last century, was remarkable for many peculiarities,

but the mode he adopted for drawing his own teeth was perhaps the most uncommon. It consisted in fastening a strong piece of catgut firmly round the affected tooth; the other end of the catgut was, by means of a strong knot, fastened to a perforated bullet; with this a pistol was charged, and when held in a proper direction, by touching the trigger a troublesome companion was got rid of, and a disagreeable operation evaded. A person whom he fancied he had persuaded to consent to this summary process, went so far as to let him fasten his tooth to the catgut: but at that moment his resolution failed, and he cried out hastily that he had altered his mind: "But I have not," said Monsey, holding fast the string, and giving it an instantaneous and smart pull; "and Sir, you are a fool and a coward for your pains."

Benefit play bill.—Linton, a musician belonging to the orchestra of Covent Garden Theatre, was murdered by some street robbers, who were discovered and executed. A play was given for the benefit of his widow and children, and the day preceding the performance, the following appeared in one of the public prints:—

"For the benefit of Mrs. Linton, &c. —The widow," said Charity whispering in my ear, "must have your mite; wait upon her with a box ticket." "You may have one for five shillings," observed Avarice, pulling me by the elbow. My hand was in my pocket, and the guinea which was between my fingers, slipped out. "Yes," said I, "she shall have my five shillings." Good Heaven! exclaimed Justice, "what are you about? Five shillings? If you pay but five shillings for going into the theatre, you then get value received for your money."—And I shall owe him no thanks," added Charity, laying her hand upon my heart, and leading me on the way to the widow's house. Taking the knocker in my left hand, my whole frame trembled. Looking round, I saw avarice turn to the corner of the street, and I found all the money in my pocket grasped in my hand.—Is your mother at home, my dear? said I to a child who conducted me into the parlour. "Yes," answered the infant, "but my father has not been at home for a long while; that is his harpsicord, and that is his violin. He used to play on them for me."—Shall I play you a tune, my boy? said I. "No, Sir," continued the boy, "my mother will not let them be touched, for since my father went abroad, music makes her cry, and then we all cry." I looked on the violin; it was unstrung; it was out of tune. Had the lyre of Orpheus sounded in my ear, it could not have, insinuated into my frame thrills of sensibility equal to what I felt.—I hear my mother on the stairs, said the boy. I shook him by the hand. "Give her this," said I, and left the house. It rained; I called a coach, drove to a coffee-house, but not having a farthing in my pocket, borrowed a shilling at the bar."

Fenelon.—A person talking to Fenelon upon the subject of the criminal laws of France, and approving of the many executions that had taken place under them, in opposition to the arguments of the Archbishop, said, "I maintain that such persons are unfit to live." "But, my friend," said Fenelon, "you do not reflect that they are still more unfit to die."

Lately a turnip was pulled from the grounds of the Rev. W. Ratcliffe, at Warleigh, on the banks of the Tamar, exactly resembling a man's right hand, the thumb and fingers being of proper relative lengths and sizes, with joints, &c. The inside resembles the hand of a very fat man, puffed where the fingers join, the wrist commencing with the green part.

THE TRAVELLER.

*Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

COWPER.

INDIANA.

The following are extracts from two letters of emigrants in Indiana, to their friends in Scotland, dated "The Scots Settlement in Switzerland, August 17th, 1821":—

"With regard to my present situation, I like it well, and enjoy more happiness than it is possible for me to enjoy in any other situation. Tell all inquirers about me that I am well satisfied with my change, and can never repent my coming here. When travelling through the woods, I see the beautiful land still unoccupied (which has remained so, I conceive, from the beginning of time,) and think of the thousands of my fellow countrymen starving at home, and dragging out a miserable existence, I am astonished at their infatuation. The reports from this country, it is true, are very various, and sometimes so contradictory, that people are often at a loss what to think. Some people will tell you, for instance, that Indiana is very unhealthy; others again that it is a very healthy country. Now both statements are in part true; for instance, near marshes and on the sides of rivers is very unhealthy. Vevay has been unhealthy both last year and this, and we have had no newspapers for these three weeks, as the printer's family have been all sick with the fever and ague; but this by no means holds true with the country in general; for although we are only ten or twelve miles from Vevay, our settlement is very healthy and no sickness known here, either last year or this. The only thing I do not like about this country is, that owing to its newness we are at a loss for many things you have in the old country. We have no school in this place, which is a great want, and have been but poorly supplied with preachers, (but there is a good prospect of being better supplied in future;) and with regard to the food for the body, we have been nearly as bad; we have not tasted a bit of beef since new year, being obliged to live entirely on bacon. We have, it is true, always our *mush*, which, with milk, is better than oatmeal porridge. From the representations of this country being said to abound so much with game, you would think it an easy matter to have always plenty of fresh food; but it is not so. There are deer in the woods, but I have not seen above half a dozen. There are turkeys, but so shy and rare there is no getting at them; and I have only seen one flock. Rabbits are equally shy. Pheasants and quails are about as numerous as partridges in Scotland. The squirrels are indeed plenty, but very shy, and is the only fresh meat we have at this season; they are fine eating, equally good as any chicken; but the pigeons we used to hear so much about I have never seen. I am informed, however, there are plenty of them, who have a large roost about ten miles from this, and that they come along in the fall: we have turtle doves in about equal proportions to the cushie doves in Scotland. No crows, a few racoons, and plenty of opossums; only one bear has been heard of in this quarter this season, which has killed six of Mr. Morton's hogs. The wolves are not rooted out, but are sometimes heard in the night. One night in particular they set up such a howl at the end of our cabin, as frightened us very much; yet they are never known to attack any person. The snakes are very plenty at this season; there have been three rattlesnakes killed on my place this season; one we killed yesterday, is allowed to be the largest seen for a long time; it measured 4 feet 5 inches; it lay across the path,

and I was coming, not thinking of any thing of the kind, when it rattled with its tail and tried to make off, darting, however, its head about in token of defiance. I was so struck with fear that I staggered back, as much afraid as ever I was when the night mare was upon me; for my foot was already lifted to step upon it. But the man who was with me was not afraid, but immediately took his axe and cut its head off. The head, still living, would seize a stick so firm, that it would astonish you. Although this happened at noon, it was living at the going down of the sun, and was as thick as my ankle. There is another kind reckoned the worst, called the copper-head snake, and some others that are not reckoned dangerous. There was one man about six miles from this who was bit by a rattlesnake. The doctor has cured him, although he has lost the use of the hand that was bit; he is an Englishman, and was much afraid of them; and instead of killing it with a stick seized it with his hand; it immediately turned about and bit him, and in less than five minutes the poison was through his whole body; however, with all these evils, I am not afraid, neither is there much cause for fear, for you will always see or hear them beforehand. We used to form many conjectures about the situation of the place; it is entirely in the woods, and so thickly wooded, that there could not be found a place free from trees large enough to build a house upon. The land is much richer than in Scotland; but is very uneven, resembling Milrig, Kirkliston Crags, and Back Braes, the nearest to any thing I can describe, &c. Fowling pieces are of no use here; and one can get the best rifles for 20 or 25 dollars. Mr. Morton's family are all well; they brought five or six guns which are like old almanacks now. Advise all emigrants against goods of every description, for, as the Americans say, the best thing to bring is plenty of money. With regard to my expenses, I cannot at present state them; but would not advise any one that has a family to come with less than 200*l.* sterling, otherwise they will suffer many inconveniences," &c.

CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS OF THE INHABITANTS OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

The natives describe the approach and appearance of a spirit or apparition as coming to them with a great noise, and will seize hold of the first person it comes near by the throat. In its approach, it comes slowly along with the body bent, and the hands clenched together, on a level with its face. In this manner it moves on, till it secures the party or person it has in view. The remedy against the power or influence of the object they dread is, according to their relation, as follows:—They believe, that by sleeping at the grave of a deceased friend or person, they would, from what takes place at the grave, be freed from all future apprehensions respecting spirits, for, during the time of sleep, the soul of the deceased would come to them, take hold of their throat and open the body; take out their bowels, which would be replaced, and the body closed up. In the time of darkness they are much afraid to move, and, on this account, few have courage enough to lie by the grave a whole night; but all who do go through the form are placed among the brave and honourable.

If a star shoot, something of great moment is expected to come to pass. They are much terrified by thunder and lightning; but they believe, that by repeating some few words, and breathing with all their power, they can prevent it doing them any damage, and that both the thunder and lightning will soon cease. They think it is dangerous to dress fish or any kind of food after daylight has disappeared; they believe if they should broil fish in the dark, that the wind

will blow a contrary way to what they desire, or will be necessary for their fishing excursion the day following.

They have a notion, that if any of them whistle while they remain under the rock, the rock where they have retired to sleep, will fall upon them. This, they say, was the case with a number of natives at a certain place, one of which, contrary to custom, whistled; the rock fell and crushed them all to death. They are capable of forming friendship and of feeling sorrow. It is true their grief does not continue long. At a funeral of a child, the father will weep much, and appear to be much affected with deep sorrow of heart; but as soon as he has retired from the grave, all appearance of grief is fled away, and he resumes his former appearance. There is no doubt but this race of people may, with kindness and humanity, be made a useful people. They have the talent of emulation; several have already been very serviceable to the settlers in acting as stock-keepers and rowers; in these departments they have been equal, if not superior, to many Europeans.

The natives never think of providing for to-morrow. All the food they procure at one time they eat before they remove from the place; after they have eaten their fill, they lay themselves down upon the grass and sleep, and in this situation they remain until hunger rouses them to activity. The men are indolent, and oppressive to the women; they will continue basking in the rays of the sun, while the women are obliged to fish; for hours together, they will remain in their canoes singing, which they consider necessary to invite the fish to their bait, for without they carry a sufficient quantity to feed their beastly husbands, their reception would be very uncomfortable.

The females, while young, wear a small opossum skin round their waist; this they continue to use until they are married, but no longer. Both men and women wander about in this savage state: the real cause, I conceive to be this, they have not the means of procuring clothes in sufficient quantities; for it is to be observed, that no one can wear what the whole tribe has not; if one be clothed, it is necessary for the tribe to which he belongs to have clothing; if not, the garments of the single person will be thrown away.

The natives of New South Wales produce fire by rubbing a short pointed piece of wood upon a piece that is perfectly dry, by which means fire is very soon produced. When they wish to convey the fire to any distant part, they gather a bundle of grass, in which they put a few sparks of fire, and then run with it towards the place of rest and refreshment; by the swiftness of their motion, the grass is soon formed into a flame; the bundle of grass is then laid on the ground, and another procured, in which is placed a few sparks of fire, and conveyed forward as before. By this method, a number of fires are kindled by the way. Some suppose this is done to take the kangaroo, as this animal is never known to pass near fire, neither will it run over places where the grass has been lately burned, although there be no fire. This being the case, after this animal is pursued up to such places, it is frequently taken.

LITERATURE.

A VOICE FROM ST. HELENA.

A work with the above title, is announced for publication in the London papers for June. The editor is supposed to be Doctor O'Meara, who attended Napoleon for some time in the island of St. Helena, and the book is said to give striking portraits of the Emperor's contemporaries from the French Revolution to the battle of Waterloo, sketched, by himself.

The following extracts have already appeared in the London Journals:—

Napoleon's hours of rest were uncertain, much depending upon the quantum of rest he had enjoyed during the night. He was in general a bad sleeper, and frequently got up at three or four o'clock, in which case he read or wrote until six or seven, at which time, when the weather was fine, he sometimes went out to ride, attended by some of his generals, or laid down again to rest a couple of hours. When he retired to bed, he could not sleep unless the most perfect state of darkness was obtained, by the closure of every cranny through which a ray of light might pass, although I have sometimes seen him fall asleep on the sofa, and remain so for a few minutes in broad day-light. When ill, Marchand occasionally read to him until he fell asleep. At times he rose at seven, and wrote or dictated until breakfast time, or, if the morning was very fine, he went out to ride. When he breakfasted in his own room, it was generally served on a little round table, at between nine and ten; when along with the rest of his suite, at eleven; in either case *à la fourchette*. After breakfast, he generally dictated to some of his suite for a few hours, and at two or three o'clock received such visitors as by previous appointment had been directed to present themselves. Between four and five, when the weather permitted, he rode out on horseback or in the carriage, accompanied by all his suite, for an hour or two; then returned and dictated or read until eight, or occasionally played a game at chess, at which time dinner was announced, which rarely exceeded twenty minutes or half an hour in duration. He eat heartily and fast, and did not appear to be partial to high-seasoned, or rich food. One of his most favourite dishes was a roasted leg of mutton, of which I have seen him sometimes pare the outside brown part off; he was also partial to mutton chops. He rarely drank as much as a pint of claret at his dinner, which was generally much diluted with water. After dinner, when the servants had withdrawn, and when there were no visitors, he sometimes played at chess or at whist, but more frequently sent for a volume of Corneille, or of some other esteemed author, and read aloud for an hour, or chatted with the ladies and the rest of his suite. He usually retired to his bedroom at ten or eleven, and to rest immediately afterwards. When he breakfasted or dined in his own apartment (*dans l'intérieur*), he sometimes sent for one of his suite to converse with him during the repast. He never ate more than two meals a day, nor, since I knew him, had he ever taken more than a very small cup of coffee after each repast, and at no other time. I have also been informed, by those who have been in his service for fifteen years, that he had never exceeded that quantity since they first knew him.

EXAMPLES OF THE CHINESE PROVERBS, FROM MR. DAVIS'S VOLUME OF NOVELS.

6. Let us get drunk to-day, while we have wine; the sorrow of to-morrow may be borne to-morrow.—13. Questions of right and wrong (with reference to men's characters) are every day arising; if not listened to, they die away of themselves.—17. If there be no faith in our words, of what use are they?—24. Worldly fame and pleasure are destructive to the virtue of the mind; anxious thoughts and apprehensions are injurious to the health of the body.—25. In a field of melons, do not pull up your shoe: under a plum-tree, do not adjust your cap, (i. e. be very careful of your conduct under circumstances of suspicion).—27. Time flies like an arrow: days and months like a weaver's shuttle.—30. Though a man may be utterly stupid, he is very perspicacious while reprehend-

ing the bad actions of others; though he may be very intelligent, he is dull enough while excusing his own faults. Do you only correct yourself on the same principle that you correct others, and excuse others on the same principle that you excuse yourself.—36. By learning, the sons of the common people become public ministers; without learning, the sons of public ministers become mingled with the mass of the people.—39. Past events are as clear as a mirror; the future, as obscure as varnish.—46. In enacting laws, rigour is indispensable; in executing them, mercy.—47. Do not consider any vice as trivial, and therefore practise it: do not consider any virtue as unimportant, and therefore neglect it.—48. Following virtue is like ascending a steep; following vice, like rushing down a precipice.—56. If you wish to know what most engages a man's thoughts, you have only to listen to his conversation.—66. A man is as ignorant of his own failings, as the ox is unconscious of his great strength.—73. It is not easy to stop the fire, when the water is at a distance: friends at hand, are better than relations afar off.—77. A man's prosperous, or declining condition, may be gathered from the proportion of his waking to his sleeping hours.—80. The fame of men's good actions seldom goes beyond their own doors; but their evil deeds are carried to a thousand miles distance.—85. Though the life of man be short of a hundred years, he gives himself as much pains and anxiety as if he were to live a thousand.—90. The evidence of others is not comparable to personal experience: nor is "I heard" so good as "I saw."—105. Eat your three meals in the day, and look forward to sleeping at night.—115. Speak of men's virtues as if they were your own; and of their vices, as if you were liable to their punishment.—117. Mencius said, "All men concur in despising a glutton, because he gives up every thing that is valuable, for the sake of pampering what is so contemptible."—122. Though a poor man should live in the midst of a noisy market, no one will ask about him; though a rich man should bury himself among the mountains, his relations will come to him from a distance.

"Carpe, mortalis, mea dona letus,
Carpe, nec plantas alias require,
Sed satur panis, satur et saporis,
Cetera sperne."

THE DRAMA.

—What the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts, and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts will attend.

FLORIO.

London, June 4.

Surrey Theatre.—A new Melo-drama was produced last night at this Theatre, entitled, *The Solitary*, which appears to us to possess considerable merit. It was got up with such advantages of scenery and decoration as do not often present themselves on the minor boards, and was sustained by the best exertions of the Company. Not only the fable of the piece, but much of the dialogue has been taken from a celebrated French novel; and though the catastrophe is rather too formidable for any dramatic effort short of tragedy, the incidents are so conducted as to keep up the interest until the final shock arrives. There is a good deal of merit in the composition; its sentiment is sometimes of a very delicate and refined nature, and the language in which it is expressed induces us to believe, though we cannot at this moment refer to the original, that the translator has not done him any injustice in certain passages. We have not space to enter into the details of the plot; but, in justice, we ought to notice the last scene, where the uncle of the heroine curses her lover, who happens to have been the murderer of her father. The

curse was powerful in its language, and was emphatically delivered by Mr. Bengough. The whole concluded with an explosion, in which several friends and foes were exterminated, according to the established usage of Melo-drama. It is probable that the piece will have a run, considering that it affords matter so various, as to embrace in its interest the man of literary taste, the lover of music, and the admirer of extraordinary convulsions, whether from natural or artificial causes.

Vadichall Gardens.—The delightful summer entertainments for which these gardens have been so long remarkable, commenced with great improvements. A crowded and brilliant company assembled at an early hour, which increased as the evening advanced. The general effect was splendid in a high degree, and the contrivances to divert the attention, by variety of attractions, were attended with complete success.—Four new Cosmoramas have been constructed in different parts of the garden—a whole length transparent portrait of his Majesty in his coronation robes, stands at the termination of one of the walks—the illuminated colonnade has been newly and tastefully decorated, and a reflective proscenium lined entirely with looking glass, and representing a fountain of real water—illuminated revolving pillars, palm-trees, serpents, and variegated foliage have been added to the list of the many objects which delight the eye. We feel some hesitation in giving the name of this exhibition, when we consider the limits to which we are restricted. It is no less a name than *Heptaplasiesoptron*. There is also a scenic theatre, with moving figures. The rope dancing excited great attention and applause; and the phantasmagoria drew considerable crowds when it was announced.

To conclude, we shall merely observe, that the performances were agreeable throughout; and the company, who seemed delighted, continued to a late hour to enjoy the attraction and festivity of the scene.

THE RISING OF THE WAVES.

Bella, horrida Bella.

The sovereignty of the seas has long been the boast of England; and it is not extraordinary that the Stage, which we all know from many good authorities to be the copy, the imitation, the speculum as it were of the real world, should partake in some consistent degree, of the aqueous claims, wars, and accidents of the country. A remarkable instance of this occurred last week at Covent Garden Theatre.

Almost every dramatical body has seen the pompous pageant of Cherry and Fair Star, in which an ancient ship sails into the Port of Cyprus, amid the shouts of the Cyprians, the plaudits of the British spectators, and the well-contrived rolling of the Mediterranean. Probably few, however, are aware of the means employed to cause this natural heaving of the mighty waters, this surge beating against the towers of Cyprus, and this tossing of the gilded galley of Greece. It will hardly be believed that the whole is accomplished by about thirty boys tumbling about under a sheet of painted canvas—but so it is. These sub-marine performers, whose exertions have always been crowned with roars of applause, could not, it seems, escape from the mania of retrenchment which is the prevailing endemic of our times. One of the new managers, captain Forbes, (hence denominated by the discontented, *Sixpenny Forbes*) took it into his head that the salary of the Waves, videlicet, a shilling a-head, was too high. Even Shakespeare's *Tempest* ought to be got up in a less expensive form; and he resolved to have his boys in the water at six-pence a-piece. This determination being communicated to the waves, was particularly salt to them; they curled up their nostrils at it, and appeared ready to

swallow up the hateful propounder.—Had he wielded Neptune's trident they would not have obeyed him; and two-thirds of the Mediterranean immediately ran dry—affording a striking proof of the difference between that sea and the Pacific. A fearful storm ensued, such as the captain, though an old and good sailor, had never witnessed before. He could no longer spread his canvas to the breeze; and as for tacking his vessel into port, it was not to be hoped for without the tax of another kind. Like all British seamen, he was nevertheless firm; and rather than be drained himself, he washed his hands of them, and ordered the mutinous waters to be poured into the street. The fluids offered a solid resistance, but in vain; they were displaced, and a new set of sixpenny waves secured to secure overflowing audiences. It was on Thursday that this memorable event happened, and that this great unconscious metropolis was exposed to all the horrors of inundation. In the adjacent streets, Hart-street, Bow-street, and Covent-garden Market, the rebellious billows boiled and lashed themselves into fury. About midnight the tempest was at its height; and when the Sea of Sixpence rolled out upon the Shilling Sea, a dreadful conflict ensued.—There is a tide in the affairs of boys as well as in the affairs of men; and here it was exemplified both at flood and ebb. Mr. Thomas Moore's beautiful melody of "The Meeting of the Waters," was not to be compared to this meeting. The insurgent surges prevailed, and the last poor representatives of waves which washed the classic coast of Greece, were precipitated upon the common shore, whence their reflux resembled nothing so nearly as that of the Euxine or Black Sea.

A calm followed; and upon re-agitating the matter in all its bearings, and re-considering all its fluctuations, the naval commander found that it would be wisdom to yield to a current which he could not resist. The original waves at the original prices, again roll under the meridian of Fair Star; and the crew hankered after shillings, now perform their voyage in merriment and content. Occasionally, it is true, a wave protruding his head, is visible during the warping of the galley into Cyprus, and a voice, as if from a bottomless abyss, is heard demanding a renewed assurance from Captain Forbes, that while the sea rises, he will not think of a fall; but it is on the whole satisfactory to know, that harmony is so completely established, as to leave no apprehension on the public mind that this scene will not continue to be re-acted, even

Amid the wreck of worlds.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

—Science has sought on weary wing
By sea and shore each mute and living thing
CAMPBELL

THE MERMAID.

The existence of Mermen or Mermaids appears to have been credited at a very early period of history; and some writers, such as Alexander ab Alexandro, Ferdinand Alvarez, and Olaus Magnus speak of them as well known in their time. The former writer says, that he knew one come out of the water and steal a young woman, and Alvarez asserts that he saw a young Merman come ashore and carry off fish left dry by the fishermen. But the most authentic accounts of their existence and appearance are the following:—In the year 1187, a Merman was fished up on the coast of Suffolk, and kept for six months by the governor; this is related in many of the early English Chronicles, the writers of which add, that it bore so near a conformity with man, that nothing seemed wanting to it besides speech. It took an opportunity

of making its escape, and plunging into the sea was never more heard of.

In 1560, near the island of Manar, on the western coast of the island of Ceylon, some fishermen brought up at one draught of the net, seven Mermen and Maids, of which several Jesuits (and among the rest F. Hen. Henriques, and Dinar Bosquer, physician to the viceroy of Goa) were witnesses. The physician who examined them with much care, and made many dissections from them, asserts, that all parts, both internal and external, were found perfectly conformable to those of men.—See *Hist. de la campagne de Jesus*. Tom. iv. No. 276, where the relations are given at length.

We have another account, well attested, of a Merman seen near the Diamond rock on the coast of Martinico; the persons who viewed gave it in a precise description before a notary. A creature of the same species was caught in the Baltic in the year 1531, and sent as a present to Sigismund, king of Poland, with whom it lived three days, and was seen by all the court.

But the most authentic and particular relation we meet with is in the history of the Netherlands, and the same occurrence is noticed, with some slight variations in the "*Delices d'Hollande*." In the year 1430, after a violent tempest, which broke down the dykes in Holland and made way for the sea into the meadows, some milk-women, who were crossing the Mere in a boat, saw a human head above the water, and upon a nearer examination discovered a Mermaid embarrassed in the mud. After some resistance on the creature's part they succeeded in securing her, and by gentle usage prevailed on her in a few days to eat and drink milk and bread, and fish. The magistrates of Haarlam, in whose jurisdiction the Mere was, hearing of the circumstance, commanded her to be sent to them, and on her arrival she was put into the town-house, and a woman was assigned to take care of and endeavour to instruct her. In a short time she learned to spin, and would signify by signs that she understood the meaning of the gestures she saw, and the commands she received, but all attempts to make her speak were entirely fruitless. After living among them for 16 years, during which time thousands of persons saw her, she died, and was permitted to receive the rites of burial in a churchyard. It is related, that she was always desirous of having her lower part in water, in which she was indulged, and that she made two or three attempts to escape to the sea. Her picture was in existence in the year 1706, and hung in the town-house of Haarlam: it represents her with very long black hair, a face perfectly human, as were her breasts and stomach, and the lower extremities resembling a very strong fish-tail.

The following account is from the second volume of Dr. Chisholm's *Essay on the Malignant fever in the West Indies*: page 192, 2d edition, London, 1801. In the year 1797, happening to be at Governor Van Battenburg's plantation in Berbice, the conversation turned on a singular animal which had been repeatedly seen in Berbice river, and some smaller rivers, such, particularly, as Mahaycony and Abary, on the same coast. So many circumstances, relative to this animal, were detailed by Mr. Van Battenburgh, as removed much of the disinclination to belief I felt:—

This animal is the famous Mermaid, hitherto considered as a mere creature of the imagination. It is called by the Indians *Mene-manoma*, or mother of the waters. The upper portion resembles the human figure, the head smaller in proportion, sometimes bare, but often covered with a copious quantity of black long hair. The shoulders are broad, and the breasts large and well formed. The lower portion resembles the tail portion of a fish, is of immense dimen-

sion, the tail forked, and not unlike that of the dolphin, as it is usually represented. The colour of the skin is either black or tawny. The animal is held in veneration and dread by the Indians, who imagine that the killing it would be attended with the most calamitous consequences. It is from this circumstance that none of these animals have been shot, and consequently not examined but at a distance. They have been generally observed in a sitting posture in the water, none of the lower extremity being discovered until they are disturbed: when, by plunging, the tail appears and agitates the water to a considerable distance around. They have been always seen employed in smoothing their hair, or stroking their faces and breasts with their hands, or something resembling hands. In this posture, and thus employed, they have been frequently taken for Indian women bathing. Mr. Van Battenburgh's account was corroborated by that of some gentlemen settled in Mahaycony and Abary.

So late as the year 1811, three persons were examined upon oath by the Sheriff Substitute of Campbelltown in Scotland, respecting an extraordinary marine animal, which they discovered on a rock by the sea side, on the 13th of October that year, and which, from the description given of it, left no doubt of its being a Mermaid. After continuing on the rock for nearly two hours, during which the persons who saw it, had every opportunity of ascertaining its formation, and of observing its motions, the animal at last threw itself into the water, where it continued for some time to turn and play about, by which the features of the face were distinctly seen, and found to resemble those of a human being with very hollow eyes. The persons who gave these statements, were certified by the Rev. George Robertson and Mr. Norman McLeod, ministers of Campbelltown, and by James Maxwell, Esq. Justice of the Peace and Chamberlain of the Isle of Mull, to be respectable and worthy of credit as to the facts which they had narrated.

On the 31st of July, 1812, (says a French journal), a Mermaid was seen by five fishermen, in the creek of Melin (Morbihan); its shape resembled that of a man. It had arms, and the breast was completely human, but the lower part terminated in a fish's tail. Its head was bald, with the exception of the forepart, on which was a bunch of black hair, and another bunch was perceptible on the chin. The seafaring people, who furnished these particulars, had time to observe the monster at their leisure: it was within half a musket shot of the shore, between two boats, but they were afraid of it, and did not go any nearer.

A still more recent account of the appearance of an animal, supposed to be a Mermaid, was given in a paper published in Exeter, England, in the year 1812. After some introductory remarks, in which the writer adverts to the prevailing incredulity on this subject, he states that on the forenoon of the 12th August, 1812, it being a fine day—I joined a party of ladies and gentlemen in a sailing excursion. When we had got about a mile to the S. E. of Exmouth Bar, our attention was suddenly arrested by a very singular noise, by no means unpleasant to the ear, but of which it is impossible to give a correct idea by mere description. It was not, however, unaptly compared by one of our ladies to the wild melodious notes of the Æolian harp, combined with a noise similar to that made by a stream of water falling gently on the leaves of a tree. The sound, however, had not all the variety, nor the soft cadence of the Æolian notes, but appeared like four or five different tones, each tone repeated several times on the same key. In the meantime we perceived something, about one hundred yards from us, to windward. We all

imagined it to be some human being, though at the same time we were at a loss to account for this, at such a distance from the shore, and no other boat near. We hailed, but received no reply, and we made towards this creature as soon as possible; when, to the great astonishment of us all, it eluded our pursuit by plunging under water. In a few minutes it rose again nearly in the same place, and by that time we had got sufficiently near for one of the boatmen to throw into the water a piece of boiled fish which he had in his locker. This seemed to alarm the animal, though it soon recovered from its fears, for we presently observed it lay hold of the fish, which it ate with apparent relish. Several other pieces were thrown out, by which the creature was induced to keep at a short distance from our boat, and afforded us the opportunity of observing it with attention, and found, to our astonishment, that it was no other than a Mermaid.

As the sea was calm, and in a great degree transparent, every part of the animal's body became in turn visible.—The head, from the crown to the chin, forms rather a long oval, and the face seems to resemble that of the seal; though, at the same time it is far more agreeable, possessing a peculiar softness, which renders the whole set of features very interesting. The upper and back part of the head appeared to be furnished with something like hair, and the forepart of the body with something like down, between a very light fawn, and very pale pink colour, which at a distance had the appearance of flesh, and may have given rise to the idea that the body of the Mermaid is, externally, like that of the human being.

This creature has two arms, each of which terminates into a hand with four fingers, connected to each other by means of a very thin elastic membrane. The animal used its arms with great agility, and its motions in general were very graceful. From the waist it gradually tapered so as to form a tail, which had the appearance of being covered with strong, broad, polished scales, which occasionally reflected the rays of the sun in a very beautiful manner; and from the back and upper part of the neck down to the loins, the body also appeared covered with short, round, broad feathers, of the colour of the down on the forepart of the body. The whole length of the animal, from the crown of the head to the extremity of the tail, was supposed to be about five feet or five and a half.

In about ten minutes from the time we approached, the animal gave two or three plunges in quick succession, as if it were at play. After this it gave a sudden spring, appearing to swim away from us very rapidly, and in a few seconds we lost sight of this wonder-creating animal.

CRANIOSCOPY, No. 2.

Perhaps the science of Cranioscopy by some may be confounded with Lavater's system of Physiognomy; but they are entirely distinct. We are happy to think, however, that it agrees, in many respects, with that acute observer of human nature's dissertation on the head. He states "that a large head, with a small forehead, denotes a want of understanding," and "that by the shape and size of a man's forehead we can judge of the extent of his understanding." But his system is rather engaged about the muscles of the face than the organs of the head; and when he tells us that an aquiline nose designates an imperious temper and ardent passions; that small nostrils disclose timidity of soul; that thick and fleshy lips are signs of sensuality and slothfulness; that a large interval between the mouth and nose indicates want of prudence; and that full, distinct and well proportioned lips designate a character hostile to falsehood, villany and baseness, but with a propen-

sity to pleasure; we lose him altogether, and see no connexion that this system has with science. We see no connexion betwixt cause and effect; for the soul neither operates in the nose or lips as organs; and whether they be great or small, crooked, or straight, we cannot see how they can affect the soul, or the soul them, in respect of natural growth or configuration. These organs and muscles may be altered by accident, and otherwise, and the qualities of the soul remain the same; which shows the little connexion there is betwixt them. Cranioscopy, however, goes upon more sure data.—The brain, the allowed seat of the soul, cannot be altered without a derangement of its faculties; and as it is the formation of the brain, as exhibited by the shape of the skull, of which it alone professes to treat, the utmost consistency is at once seen in its principles.

But we proceed to consider the organic construction of the head.

WIT, 27.

The faculty of Wit has its organs placed on each side of the top of the forehead, right before those of Ideality; and in the true wit, are easily discovered.

Causality separates the parts of objects, and by its analysis endeavours to ascertain their natures; but wit crowds altogether, with curious illusions, and surprises with uncommon associations.—These two faculties are quite different in their constitutions, and operations; however much they are generally confounded.

Persons possessing wit strongly, are in their element in a humorous circle, and are inclined to amalgamate every thing with its vivacity. So much is this their disposition, that even in common intercourse, it is often difficult to perceive, whether what they communicate is truth, or jest. Their manners, tone of voice, and gesticulations, as well as ideas, and language, are under its influence.

"Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live, in dimpled cheek,
Sport, that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter, holding both his sides,
Come and trip it as they go,
On the light fantastic toe."

Wit gives an agreeable liveliness to composition, and characterizes much the writings of Ben Jonson, Shakespeare, Voltaire, and the beautiful tales of the author of Waverley, &c.

Ideality in writing, brings forward a commanding splendour, as Dr. Chalmers' Astronomical Sermons exhibit, which are devoid of wit; but authors who have little ideality, and no wit, (experimental philosophers excepted) bid fair for outliving their productions.

In common life, individuals possessing this faculty are easily known. The witling soon becomes disgusting, and a flatness follows most of his attempts; whereas the resources of the real wit bear him through, and crown the whole with mirth. Persons entirely devoid of it, are slow in observing its associations, and the laugh is often over before they can perceive its occasion.

COMPARISON, 6.

This faculty has but one organ, situated in the centre of the superior part of the forehead, betwixt the organs of Causality; and when powerfully developed, is shaped something like an inverted triangle.

Individuals possessed of it are fond of comparisons, and use them on every occasion. The other faculties, however, must supply the materials from which they are made; for without previous information there can be no comparison. The scenes to which they have been habituated, and the works they have read, occur most frequently to their minds. He who is versed in painting, and poetry, takes his similes from them; the inhabitant of the country takes his comparisons or similes from rural scenery; the seaman obtains his from maritime con-

cerns; while local objects, and the passing occurrences of the day furnish the materials of the citizen. Its operation is general and impressive; it

"Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

Those in whom this faculty is powerful, when endeavouring to convince others, have their fort in examples, and similes, rather than reasoning.

Its operations have a pleasing and commanding influence in public speaking, and make the Orator's ideas plain and perspicuous. It greatly enriches Poetry, and gives it some of its highest embellishments. In its intellectual process, it has an important influence on all the other faculties, comparing their sensations and feelings, and determining their identity, or difference. "As the music of Carrol was like the memory of joys that are past, pleasant and mournful to the soul," so are its suggestions as one thing calls forth another.

TUNE, 13.

The organs of Tune are two, appearing on the exterior arch of the eyebrows, above the organs of Number, and Order; and sometimes extending back above those of Constructiveness, making the sides of the forehead appear full.

The different tastes of persons for music, is very observable. Some can learn it quite easily, whilst others have no capacity for it, and can make very little discrimination between sound. It is this faculty which has the regulation of such diversity of disposition. It gives a recollection of tones, and a proper idea of their quality. It perceives what is proper, or inaccurate in their modulations; judges of their arrangements, and gives the power of producing new ones.

All animals of Tune, have the organs of this faculty developed. Singing birds, and particularly the males, have them very conspicuously.—Dr. Spurzheim states, that in Gluck, Haydn, and some other eminent musicians, they had a pyramidal form; that in Mozart, Viotti, Zumsteg, Dussek, and Crescentini, the external corners of their foreheads are enlarged and rounded.

INDIVIDUALITY, 8.

Has its organ in the centre of the forehead, below that of Comparison. It is often prominently developed in children, and is characteristic of those who are attentive to passing occurrences. The function of this faculty in general, is a cursory knowledge of facts. It disposes the individual to be highly attentive to what happens around, and feel interested in such circumstances. He desires an acquaintance with every thing, but dislike tedious investigation. His informations in arts and sciences is quite detached; he makes little inquiry about first principles; all is superficial. Yet such, as to enable him to speak about them with facility; and often display a brilliancy in society superior to that of the profound adept.

"There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pool,
And do a wilful stillness entertain
With purpose to be drest in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravely, profound conceit;
As who should say I am Sir Oracle;
And when I hope my lips to let you know,
You do your ears but make a story of."

Such conduct often characterizes those possessed of this faculty. But their views in general are desultory, and their judgment vague; scarcely bearing investigation, and less frequently practical application.

IMITATION 21.

Aristotle stated, that man was an imitative animal, and the discovery of this faculty seems much to confirm his assertion. The organs of it are situated on each side of that of Veneration, and above those of ideality. They are early developed on children, and every observer knows that the most of their information and conduct proceed from

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implicit mimicry. They recapitulate what they hear spoken, and imitate what they see; the imitations of childhood, received before the other intellectual faculties come to maturity, have often a powerful influence on the mind. Notions of witches, hobgoblins, &c. are then imbibed, which the best understandings can never fully eradicate. 'Tis very improper, therefore, to frighten children into obedience, by terrifying ideas, or to amuse them with absurd narrations; such, ought to be carefully guarded against by parents, and guardians, for although they will not hurt their reasoning powers, or prevent a proper display of natural ability; yet, their sentiments, and feelings may be influenced, and many unmanly ideas entertained.

This faculty on adults, when strong, constitute the mimic, and such not only mention a fact, or repeat what they have heard, but give the tones of voice, and gesticulations of the person, or animal they introduce to notice.* Individuals possessing this faculty, are often found in Society; and on the stage, it is a requisite qualification. It assists the painter, and carver considerably, and in constructive arts in general, gives what is denominated expression, and life.

LOCALITY 10.

Much dispute has been made about the organs of this faculty by the opponents to Craniology. They have asserted, that on the frontal sinus, where they are situated, there is no brain; but proper dissection has shown these surmises to be unfounded.

Externally, the organs appear developed on the interior ridges, of the eyebrows below, and on each side of that of individuality.

By this faculty, places are recognised; space, distance, and local situations particularly noticed. It enables the poet, and landscape painter to delineate rural scenery; it is found prominent in the heads of astronomers, who are good at ascertaining situations, and space in the heavens, and is often connected with a full development of the organs of number. It inclines individuals to those professions depending on measurement and proportions of space, as land surveying, gardening, &c.

It likewise gives a propensity for travelling, and migration. Those possessed of it, have a great facility in finding their way in strange places. It characterizes the portraits and busts of eminent travellers, and navigators. In birds of passage, such as the stork, and swallow, and in some of the Canine species, which can retrace almost any journey, the organs are prominent.

ORDER 2.

The organs of this faculty are two, situated next to those of number, on the outer ridges of the eyebrows. They are small, and without they be well developed, are not easily ascertained.

In common life we find some people remarkably attentive to the arrangement of objects, to have every thing in its proper place, and who discover a taste for placing them to the best advantage. Such are found to have a full development of those organs. It is, however, only to the objects of sense, to which this faculty applies; for the classifying, systematizing, or generalizing matters of a speculative nature, belongs to the other reflecting faculties engaged on such subjects. It sees the beauty of symmetry, but not of logical inference; it conceives what is excellent, in the form of external matters, but not of philosophical analysis.

* — "with all the happy train,
Haggard face alluring wiles,
Laughter and the dimpling smiles."

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Minerva.

CHIMNEY-SWEEPS.

We take a pride in recommending to the attention and patronage of our subscribers every useful invention. Among the most prominent, Dr. Edmonston's "Mechanical Chimney Sweeper" holds a conspicuous place. Those who have had the misfortune to be confined to a sick bed, can well appreciate the value of an invention, which relieves them from the most distressing of all annoyances—the early cry of the smutty sweep. The construction of this machine is so simple, and the work is done so perfectly, that the most incredulous are convinced on seeing its use. The chimney is cleaned more perfectly, more expeditiously, and with much less risk from petty depredations, which the half-starved, frozen, ragged urchins usually employed, are too often tempted to commit. Men of known and tried probity are engaged to work the machines: the proprietors guarantee the chimneys not to take fire if swept as often as the law requires. It is our ardent wish that the proprietors may meet the reward they justly merit from a humane and discerning community. We understand that they intend as soon as a suitable building can be obtained in Nassau street, near their present office, No. 87, to make such arrangements as shall enable them to attend to all orders, should they even embrace nine-tenths of the city, which we are confident they will in less than two years. This is not the machine which is forced up the chimney with a coil of wire, that sometimes disconcerts the furniture of a room; but of a jointed wood rod, and worked with cords, after the machine is carried to the top of the chimney.

T. & D.

THE RECORD.

—A Thing of Shreds and Patches!—(HAWLEY.)

Solomon Southwick, Esq. has been nominated, at Albany, as a candidate for the office of Governor in this state, in opposition to Judge Yates. The meeting was held in the Capital, and is stated to have been the largest assemblage of citizens ever seen in that place.

It is asserted that Col. Cumming has again challenged Mr. McDuffie, and that the challenge has been accepted. The "meeting" is to take place on the 10th of August.

Iron Ore—is stated to have been discovered in great abundance near Angelica, in Allegany co. and the iron manufactured from it to be of the first quality.

Captain Hull has renewed his application to the navy department for a Court of Inquiry into his conduct; and there is every reason to believe it will be granted.

A new and elegant line of Packets for France, has been established at New-York, which will sail every two months for Havre.

The Fulton Steam boat Company have enjoined the proprietors of the *Olive Branch*, not to interfere with their privileges by running a boat from Jersey city into Long-Island Sound, through the waters in which their patent gives them the exclusive right of navigating Steam boats.

The water in the Canal, between Mann's Mills, in Pittsford, and Palmyra, has become so low on account of the dry weather, as not to admit of using it for the purpose of navigation.

The excavation through the Cayuga marshes was completed on the 3d inst. and the whole section from Montezuma to Rochester, is now nearly ready for use.

The road from the military turnpike to Chateaugay has progressed so rapidly that it will be completed in a few weeks.

The Mayor and Aldermen of the city of Boston, have passed an order, en-

larging the prison limits to the boundary of the county.

A new Mineral has been discovered at the Franklin Iron Works, near Sparta, in New Jersey, by Professor W. Keating, which has received the name of Jeffersonite.

On the 3d inst. a piece of white pine board, an inch thick, a foot wide, and several feet in length, together with a small square block of the same timber, were dug up in a sand hill in the village of Malone, Franklin county, ten feet below the surface of the ground, in such a state of preservation as to support their weight when handled. The strata above and around were perfect, and appeared never to have been disturbed—indicating that they must have remained there for ages.

Accounts from Eastport, (Maine) of the 19th inst. state that hundreds of Irish emigrants had landed at that place within the last 24 hours. Men, women, and children literally filled the streets, who appeared to feel much satisfaction in stepping on the "land of liberty, flowing with milk and honey."

A company of English emigrants, consisting of about thirty souls, passed through this state last week from Quebec, on their way to join the English colony planted by Mr. Birkbeck, in Illinois. They had with them young cattle, hogs, geese, &c. which they brought from England.

The Mobile papers of the 27th ult. congratulate the citizens on the healthiness of the place up to that date. There had been some patients confined by intermittent fevers, but in almost every instance they were conquered by the third day.

Two men, one named Richard Taylor, aged about 22 years, a native of Liverpool, and sailmaker of the ship *Mary* of Liverpool; the other Andrew Simpson, aged 24 years, a native of Scotland, and capenter of the same ship, were drowned at Baltimore on the 20th inst. by the upsetting of a boat.

Mr. G. Merritt of the Sentinel, announces his intention to publish a Sunday paper; the motto of which will be "truth and morality."

An Irishman in the patriot service in South America, writes to his friend in Boston as follows: "We compel the two armies of royalist to run in different directions: one we drive before us, while the other is close at our heels."

It is reported that the celebrated patriot, Gen. Quiroga, is to come out to Cuba as Commander-in-Chief, with 8000 troops.

The London papers mention that Matthews, the most celebrated comedian of the age, proposes to make a voyage to the U. States, to display his various and inimitable talents.

Gen. Dumourier, a commander in the French Revolution, now nearly 84 years of age, resides in London.

The Chymical Laboratory owned by Mr. James Cree, Elizabeth Town, N. J. was destroyed by fire on Tuesday last.

The refinery belonging to the powder-works of Ives and Loomis, at Sandy Hill, exploded on the 6th inst. and entirely destroyed the building and its contents;—no lives were lost.

Mrs. Roberts, wife of Richard Roberts, of Calvert county, Md. was killed by a flash of lightning on the 13th inst. while sitting in her parlour with her family.

Isaac Obar, was killed by lightning on the 1st inst. at New-Boston, N. H. His head was considerably fractured.

On the 29th ult. the House of Robert Creed, near Hillsborough, Ohio, was struck by lightning, which killed one of his daughters, a girl about 16 years of age.

A man named Ervin Pierce was drowned while bathing in the Niagara River, at Black Rock, on the 13th inst.

On the same day, the body of Mr. Benjamin Cole, of Galway, near Ballston Spa, was found in a barn in so advanced a state of putrefaction, that it was with difficulty it could be removed. He came to his death through intemperance.

Major McKown, of Boothbay, Portland, lately fired a musket from the window of his store, by which a keg of powder, containing upwards of 20 lbs. was exploded; but although from 12 to 15 persons were present, none of them were seriously injured except the Major, whose wounds, however, were not considered dangerous.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 17 of the MINERVA will contain the following articles:—

POPULAR TALES.—*Il Due Gobbi; or the Hunch-Back Cobblers, a Venetian Story.*—*Federigo Alberigi and his Falcon*; from the Italian of Boccaccio.

THE TRAVELLER.—*Port Jackson and Sidney Cove*, from the French of M. Peron.

LITERATURE.—*The English Periodical Magazines*; and the French Journals.

THE DRAMA.—*Cataline, a Tragedy*, by the Rev. George Croly.—*Ancient Dramatic Scenery*.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Volcanos and Earthquakes.*—*Receipt for the Cure of the Hydrophobia*, from the original M. S. of Dr. Lewis, of Mamaroneck, New-York.—*Scientific Notices*.

POETRY.—The communications of "Eustace" have been received, and will both have a place.—The request of J. W. M. shall also be attended to.

"Eugene" is informed, that the "Lines on Thomas Campbell" are not original—We are not in the habit of publishing, knowingly, the selections of others.

GRAMMAR, RECORD, ENIGMAS, CHRONOLOGY, &c.

MARRIED.

On the 18th inst. Mr. T. Newbould, to Miss A. Mitchell. Mr. David Roe, jr. to Miss Delilah Bouton. On the 21st inst. Mr. Gabriel Day, to Miss Sarah Wright. On Saturday last, Mr. James Emmers, jr. to Miss Eliza Knapp. On the 20th inst. John G. Ackerman, to Miss Maria Vanderbeek. At Greensborough, (Alabama) on the 1st of May, Mr. Edward Seaman, son of John Seaman, Esq. of New-York, to Miss Martha E. R. Shachelford, daughter of James Shachelford. On the 23d inst. Mr. Hewlett Dana, of Brookhaven, to Miss Sarah Longbottom, of New-York. On the 23d inst. Mr. William Robinson, to Miss Margaret Moore. On the 25th inst. Mr. Joseph Frost, to Miss Eliza Ann Baldwin.

DIED.

On the 19th inst. Miss Jane King, in her 17th year. Mortimer, son of Jas. Rikeman, aged 2 years, 7 months. At Vera Cruz, on the 18th June, Mr. Charles Sistare, of New London. On the 22d inst. at Jamaica, L. I. Mr. Daniel Bowie, in the 67th year of his age. On the 21st Elizabeth, wife of Wm. P. Kelly. In the 60th year of her age, Mrs. F. Wilkie, widow of the late Edward Wilkie. Mr. Jacob T. Storm, in the 22d year of his age. John Goodman, aged 20 years. Richard, son of Richard Bragg, aged 2 years and 2 months. At Philadelphia, Mr. James N. Weems, merchant; Mr. John Hinchman, merchant. On the 22d inst. in the 33d year of her age, Miss Ann Collins. On Friday morning, last week, Caroline Reeder, aged 9 years. Also, on Monday, John F. Reeder. At Silver-Lake, 13th inst. Mr. Walter Scott, a native of Scotland. In Lower Canada, Isaac Clark, Esq. Commissary General of that Province, and a native of Boston. On the 24th inst. in the 70th year of his age, Mr. Michael Little. Sarah Jane, daughter of Wm. Moore, aged 5 months. Louisa Augusta, youngest daughter of W. H. Jepson. On the 25th inst. Mr. Levi Hall, aged 23 years. An infant son of Mr. Charles Wayland. At Greensburg, N. Y. on Thursday, Joanna, youngest daughter of Perez Jones, Esq. At Bordentown N. J. on the 21st inst. in the 29th year of her age, Mrs. S. M. Gibbs. At Northumberland town, on the 19th inst. in the 54th year of her age, Mrs. Ann P. Pleasant. At Duxbury, Mass. of malignant fever, John Wadsworth, son of Mr. Zenith Wadsworth, aged 21 years. Otis Prior, son of the late Capt Ezra Prior, aged 19.

POETRY.

It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morn'g.

For the Minerva.

HOURS OF SICKNESS.—No. 2.

With me the smiling hours are past
When fancy's visions o'er me shone;—
With life itself, are fleeting fast
The hues by youthful ardour thrown
Upon a lot, which hope portrayed
Too bright and joyous e'er to fade.

With friends, and those the truest, blessed
That ever grac'd a mortal's lot,
Hope, rapture, friendship swell'd my breast,—
And in such blissful themes forgot.
Each present sorrow fleetly by
Like clouds upon the summer's sky.

Then healthful currents, thro' my veins
Cours'd gaily to the buoyant heart;
Which, freed from those soul-rending pains
That wasting nature's pangs impart,
Joined in the sportive round, with those
As yet untaught in human woes.

But o'er these scenes of happier hours
Disease has drawn a veil of gloom,
And what can friendship's sweetest powers
But soothe my passage to the tomb;
Rapture and joy long since retired,
E'en hope has in my soul expir'd.

I feel that all attempts are vain,
To strive against my hapless fate,
But yet, a little to complain,
To mourn a little o'er my state
Will soothe my loneliness of mind,
And make my spirit more resigned.

Oh! 'tis a fearful thing—to yield
To bitter certainty of woe,
The visions of delight revealed
In fancy's day-dreams—ere the glow
Which warm'd with pride the youthful frame,
Is fann'd to vig'rous manhood's flame;

To feel, when life itself is new,
And with its native beauty flush,
That all things like the morning dew
Before the traveller's hasty brush,
Must fade, before our morning sun,
His onward course has scarce begun:—

And know, too truly and too well
That those bright scenes which meet our eye,
This goodly world in which we dwell,
The verdant earth and lovely sky,
The hearts which many an hour have cheer'd,
And many a social scene endeared.

The friends whose love has sanctified,
Each moment in their presence spent,
The nameless ties to life allied,
And with one inmost being blent;—
That these must from our eyes and heart,
Like evening's lengthening shades, depart.

This, this is fearful;—yet to live
In daily, lingering decay,
And know, that life has nought to give
And yet so much to take away;
And that the hour of final doom
Must slowly—not less surely, come:

These are distracting thoughts that wear
With feeling deep, the fainting frame,
Which now the struggling spirit bear
Upward from earth on wings of flame—
Now bind with fond affection's chain
The lingering soul to earth again.

LEANDER.

G. C. S. C. July 12.

ADDRESS TO THROAT-CUTTERS.

All ye who wish to cut your throats
Come listen unto me,
While I indite a few brief notes
Upon that liberty.

When well resolved, from fortune rough,
You sit with razors, grinning,
Pray let your necks be bare enough
Lest ye should spoil your linen.

And as experience men do prize,
Get each good looking-glasses,

That you may cut before your eyes,
Nor do the thing like asses.

How many a man has hanged himself,
Not knowing the effect,
And found the practice—stupid elf,
Worse than he did expect.

O! then, ye worthy razor men,
Ere to the gash ye go—
Try, ere ye leave all mortal ken,
What gashing is to know—

And that ye may full well conceive
Of cutting deep and sore,
Just gently with your razor give
A little cut before.

LA CEMETIERE.

There was not so much as one star in the sky,
The rain poured fierce—the wind rag'd high;
Heavy and slow that hearse moved on,
As if the coffin within were stone.
Nothing was heard but the horses' tramp,
Nothing was seen but one flickering lamp,
No tears for the parted spirit were shed,
No prayers for that soul were uttered;
Nor friends nor kinsmen to the grave
Of that desolate corpse a farewell gave.

A trench was dug—it was hurried in,
That coffin—the shrine of woe and sin—
No holy priest in his place was there
To hallow the scene with a passing prayer:
'Twas a man of guilt who died in despair.
Yet was he not by all forgot,
His dog had followed him to this spot,
And, with wild, melancholy sound,
How'd as the coffin sank into the ground;

And when that shadowy group were gone,
He stretched him on the nameless stone
That o'er that silent cell they laid,
And there to the winds strong moanings made.

IMPROMPTU.

I oft have sigh'd to know again,
The happy days my boyhood knew,
When free from sorrow's slightest stain,
Its course my ardent spirit flew.—

And years have flown—how sweetly flown!
Though Care o'er all its shadows cast;
And not a ray of gladness shone
To lighten up the dreary past.

But never have I felt a glow
So bright, so cheering, so refined,
As shone to-day, from Beauty's brow,
The cloudless sunshine of the mind!

STANZAS FOR A BISCAYAN AIR.

Oh sweet are the breezes of even,
Succeeding the fervours of noon;
But sweeter, when rises in heaven
The orb that we love—the fair moon:
Her silvery light
Gilds our shadowy night
Bestowing a gentler day.
O this is the hour which the Spaniards prize,
Glow their bosoms with joy, while it beams from
their eyes;
Guitars breathe around,
Castanets sound,
And lightly winged footsteps in echoes rebound.

O sweet are the breezes of even,
Succeeding the fervours of noon;
But sweeter when rises in heaven
The light that we love—the fair moon:
Then serenades breathe
Each lattice beneath,
And, mingling with odours, arise
All charming the vigil that's kept at such shrine,
Where pure is the worship—the idol divine.
Who, then would choose
In slumber to lose
The hours o'er which hope her own rich robes
strews?

PARTING.

Ere the last look keen woes awake,
Ere yet we shed the parting tear:
This tribute in memorial take,
Of friendship, lasting and sincere.

Mourn not that we so soon must part,
Let not thy noble soul repine;
For absence ne'er will chill the heart
That throbs in unison with thine.

Tho' on the wave thou'rt borne, my friend,
Far wafted from my eager view,
Still will my thoughts thy course attend,
Reflection still thy worth pursue.

And tho' on earth no more we meet,
Yet when the bonds of life are riv'n,
O! may we then enjoy the sweet
Of friendship, ne'er to fade in heaven.

EPIGRAMS.

To the young lady who pulls her cousin's ears
whenever he plagues her about me.

They say I'm hunting for your heart,
But maiden—never mind it;
The devil must have got the start,
For faith I cannot find it.

M. D. C.

New-York, July 17, 1834.

Jane on her spouse could not bestow
One tear of sorrow when he died,
His life had made so many flow
That all the briny fount was dried.

ENIGMAS &c.

"And justly the wise man thus preach'd to us all,
Despise not the value of things that are small."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN OUR LAST.

PUZZLE I.

The School-boy whips tops, and the Master
whips bottoms.

PUZZLE II.

The letter *V*; for which substitute *K* in the following sentence.—"So long as ye both do live;" which will then read, "So long as ye both do like."

PUZZLE III.

Game at Whist.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Twenty pronouns, nineteen troop of horse, seven of light infantry, what the ladies like became the gentlemen hate it, a tabby cat, a disappointed lobster, a willow bonnet, an oyster in love, Randolph's nose, a child one year old, the third curl of a gentleman's wig, may all be expressed by a liquid in common use.

II.

What is that which is above all human imperfections, and yet shelters the weakest and wisest, as well as the wickedest of all mankind?

III.

Why is a ring given as a pledge of matrimony?

IV.

What a forward girl would do, when a gentleman asked to kiss her, makes a borough town in Cumberland, England.

V.

The name of a fish not very uncommon, Yet the pride and the boast of a new-married woman.

VI.

"More fickle than the wind that blows,
More fragrant than the damask rose;
What strikes with dread the honest tar,
What Jackson fears amidst the war,
What's sweeter than a mutual kiss
Will instantly unriple this."

VII.

The theme of my verse is a very slight thing,
Yet it speed gives the arrow that flies from the string,
Makes the bird it belongs to soar high on its flight,
And the jack it has oil'd, against dinner go right;
It brightens the floor, when turned to a broom;
And brushes down cobwebs at top of a room;
Its plumage by art into figures is wrought,
As soft as the hand, and as quick as the thought:
It warms in a muff, and it cools in a screen;
It is good to be felt, and as good to be seen;
When wantonly waving, it makes a fine show
On the crest of the warrior, or hat of the beau.
The theme of my verse (I shall never have done,
If through all its perfections and praises I run)
Makes the harpsichord vocal, which else would be mute,
And enlivens the sounds, the sweet sounds of the flute,
Records what is written in verse or in prose,
By Ramsay or Cambray, by Boyle or Despreaux.

CHRONOLOGY.

FROM THE CREATION TO THE PRESENT TIME.

372 Artaxerxes endeavoured in vain to mediate in Greece. The Thebans refused to make peace. The Spartans prepared for war.

371 Date of the celebrated victory of Epaminondas, general of the Thebans, over the Lacedæmonians at Leuctra. The Spartans lost their king, Cleombrotus, three generals, and 4000 men; the Thebans 300.

370 Jason, tyrant of Phera in Thessaly, treacherously murdered at the solicitation of the Pythians. Sedition in Argos. The Arcadians united in one body.

Death of Agesipolis, King of Lacedæmon. His brother Cleomenes succeeded, and reigned 61 years.

369 Polyphron, tyrant of Phera, killed by his nephew Alexander, who reigned 11 years.

The Lacedæmonians defeated by the Arcadians. The Thebans invaded Laconia, and laid siege to Sparta.

The Athenians assisted the Lacedæmonians. Both were put to flight by Epaminondas, who penetrated into the heart of the country, and restored the city of Messena.

Euphron, tyrant of Sicily.

368 No tribunes at Rome. Camillus, dictator, abdicated, and an interregnum ensued.

Pelopidas and Ismenias taken by Alexander of Phera, who defeated the Thebans.

Epaminondas being chosen general, saved the army.

The Lacedæmonians gained a great victory over the Arcadians, who lost 10,000 men. After this defeat, the Arcadians built Megalopolis.

Death of Dionysius, tyrant of Syracuse, occasioned by intemperate joy on carrying off the prize for a comedy he had written. He reigned 37 years, and was succeeded by his son Dionysius II.

Aristotle, at the age of seventeen, became disciple of Plato for the space of 20 years.

367 Camillus, for the fifth time dictator, defeated the Gauls in the plains of Alba. The Roman people obtained their desire of choosing one Consul among the Plebeians. They allowed the nobility to choose a prætor, with the right of commanding in Rome. Two Curule Ædiles were also chosen.

Epaminondas made inroads into Peloponnesus. Chares, general of the Athenians, delivered the Philianians, besieged by the Achaïans.

366 Lucius Sextus, First Consul, chosen among the Plebeians. Rome afflicted with pestilence. End of the Boeotian war, by the mediation of Artaxerxes, who died the same year, and was succeeded by Ochus, who reigned 21 years.

365 Death of Camillus at Rome. Continued plague. Dionysius, tyrant of Syracuse, courted by flattering philosophers, among others, by the famous Aristippus. The Eleans defeated by the Arcadians and Athenians.

364 The inhabitants of Pisa made the Olympic games be represented, to the exclusion of the Eleans. The latter erased their Olympiad from the number of the others. Victory of Pelopidas, the Theban, over Alexander of Phera. Pelopidas slain in battle.

363 Lucius Manlius Imperator chosen dictator, to drive a nail into the Capitol, in order to stop the contagion.

Sedition among the Arcadians. The Athenians and Lacedæmonians embraced the cause of one party, and the Thebans that of the other. Battle at Mantinea, where the Thebans prevailed, but lost their general, Epaminondas.

362 M. Curtius leaped in full armour into a gulph in the forum. Genotius, Plebeian consul killed in a war against the Hernici. Appius, chosen dictator, defeated the enemy.

The Satrapes of Asia rebelled against Artaxerxes. Tachos, King of Egypt, assisted by the Greeks, declared war against the Persians.

(To be continued.)

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